"When We Were Kids"

A lot of my stories happened during the great 'Depression'. 1929 to 1940. Certain things become indelibel in your Brain. A certain Sound or ~~a long~~ Song or a inocent coment by any one & it all comes back to you. & dont ~~things~~ think any thing that actualy happened is completly eraced from your Brain. But one thought leads to another & then ~~the~~ whole story comes out. It was about 1934 or 35. My Brother Junior was about Ten & I was about Nine. It was a Summer Day & suddenly I heard all this Screaming & Hollering going on. Close to me in the middle of this little Street about Twelve Feet wide a Fight was going on. It was Junior & Freddy the Wop. going round & round. The screaming was comeing from Junior. ~~Freaddy~~ Freddy was biteing Junior in the side & he wasn't letting up. I had to do something, they were going round & around. Laying in the gutter was a flattend Milk can. I grabbed it & threw it at Freddy hard as I could. By luck I missed Junior & hit the Wop in the left Eye. Blood flew out between his

Fingers because he stopped Biteing & grabbed his Eye. I guess he & us ~~Boys~~ ran into our own Houses about three Houses apart. I don't know how he got to a Doctor or Hospital. There wasn't any 911 or Phones in any Houses. The nearest ~~to~~ Phone was a Phone Booth about a Block & a half away at the Drug Store. Any way the next time I saw the Wop his left Eye was all Bandaged up & I know now he had to have been Sticked up. We avoided him & his Father. Our Father was thin & Sick. As kids we didn't know how Sick he had been for Years. I might as well tell you now, but 'Freddy Santos' lost his left Eye. I've always been sorry for that, but what else could I have done. Freddy was about 140 lbs. & we were about 75. There wasn't a whole lot of Crime back then so I guess it was about a Week later that Me & Junior & the Wop had to go to Juvenile Court on St. Paul St down town. I'm not sure ~~but~~ but I think we took the Streecar or Bus to Court.

Before we went in my Father ask me to tell the truth. I remember I told him a 'Wop' was Biting my Brother With that Fatherly look he cautioned me that 'Boy' is an 'Italian' Dont say Wop! Our two 'Fathers' + us Three Boys were called in before the Judge. Now when a persons Eyes arent normal they say He or She has a Lazy Eye + I think it can be corrected. But back in the early years when your eyes are crossed you were called 'Cockeyed'. A lot of those people were called ~~Co~~ ~~Cokey~~ 'Cockey' + nobody thought much of it. What Im getting at is the judge was Cockeyed. He was looking ~~and~~ at Junior, but he was talking to me. He said tell me what happened. Junior started talking + he shut him up. He looked angry + said tell me what happened! Junior started talking + the judge stood up + he ~~said~~ pointed to me ~~to~~ while looking at my Brother. I guess I got the picture + I told the Judge I threw a Milk can and

hit that 'Italian' ~~Italian~~ in the Eye pointing to Freddy. I'm not sure but I think the Judge left the Room for a little while and he thought about a little Nine Years old Boy saying 'Italian'. I'm not sure about the legal talk that went on but Me + Junior were probaly put on probation for a long time. Every Saturday we had to walk all the way downtown + ~~sing~~ Sign in. I said it was during the 'Great Depression'. On the way Home from the Court Trial ~~Mom~~ one - Junior + our Father walked all the way to about Four Blocks from our House. When we got to a certain House we were told to sit on the Steps while ~~Dad~~ the ~~Father~~ had a Job to do. He went in and talked to some-one + he was in the House + finnaly he came out + sat on the Steps with us - Remember I told you he was very Sick. After a while he said. - And its burned in my memory to this day. 'Thats The Last Roof I'll Ever Tar For A Dollar'. The 'Great Depression' remember

Jim Martin known as 'Brother Martin'